

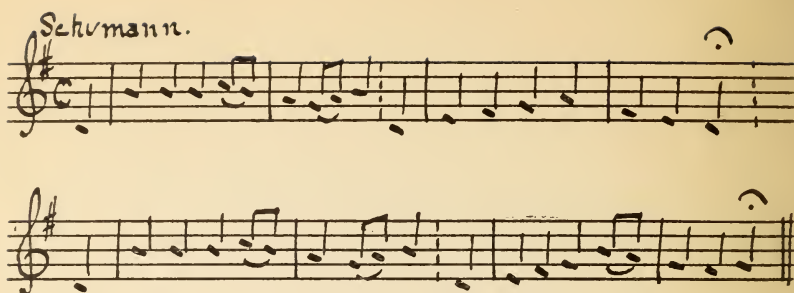
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The Society for Ethical Culture
of New York

Central Park West & 64th St.

Song Book

I



The Eternal Worth

The treasures of eternal worth,
 The jewels of celestial fire,
 Are oft enshrined in basest earth,
 In caskets that repel desire.

But happy he who holds the key
 That opens wide each heavy lid;
 In awe and wonder he shall see
 The glory and the beauty hid.

Such casket is each human wight,
 That holds a gem beyond compare,
 If it could but be brought to light,
 And in its radiance be laid bare.

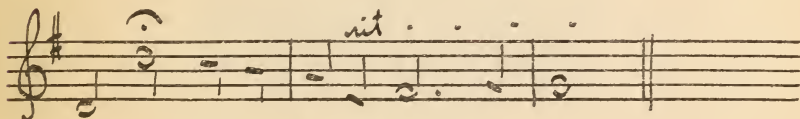
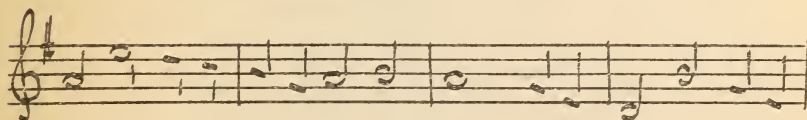
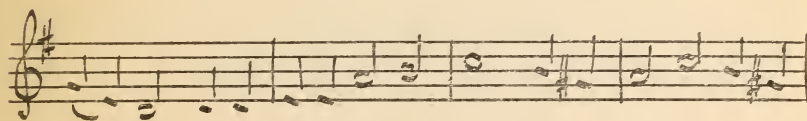
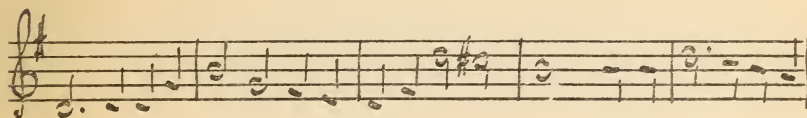
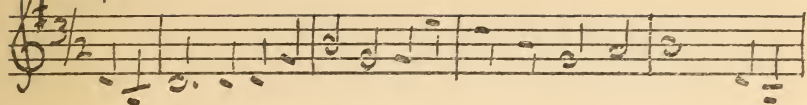
Ah, thou thyself must be the key
 The secret of the lock to find,
 Thy life the beauty must set free
 That slumbers in thy neighbor's mind.

Thy life, thy love, by faith made whole—
 Faith in the good, the true, and fair—
 Must reach into thy neighbor's soul
 And find the ray of goodness there.

— — — — —
 And blest reward shall meet thy sight,
 The gem in him by thee revealed
 Shall out of darkness bring to light
 A kindred gem in thee concealed.

FELIX ADLER

Troupe.



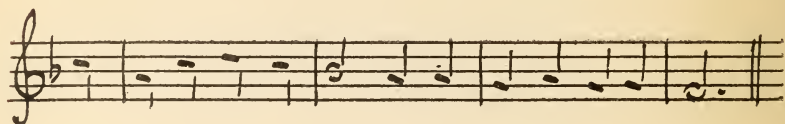
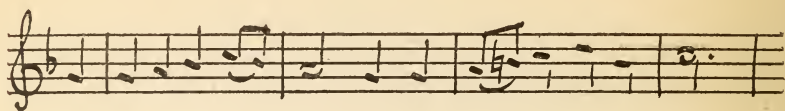
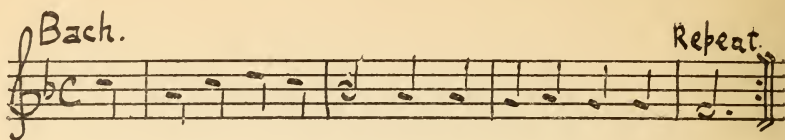
The City of Light

Have you heard the golden city
Mentioned in the legends old?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told;
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming walls,
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all,
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building-stones;
But the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with the years,
But the work that we have builded
Will not perish with the years.

It will be, at last, made perfect,
In the universal plan,
It will help to crown the labors
Of the toiling hosts of man;
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of right;
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light,
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.

FELIX ADLER.



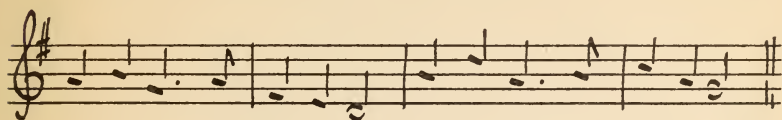
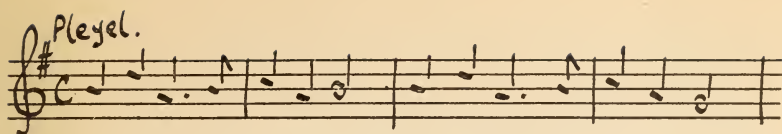
The Eternal Word

It sounds along the ages
Soul answering to soul;
It kindles on the pages
Of every Bible scroll;
The psalmists heard and sang it,
From martyr-lip it broke,
And prophet-tongues outrang it
Till sleeping nations woke.

From Sinai's cliffs it echoed,
It breathed from Budha's tree,
It charmed in Athen's market,
It gladdened Galilee;
The hammer-stroke of Luther,
The Pilgrims' sea-side prayer,
The oracles of Concord,
One holy word declare.

It dates each new ideal;
Knows naught itself of time;
Man's laws but catch the music
Of its eternal chime;
It calls—and lo, new Justice!
It speaks—and lo, new Truth
In ever nobler stature
And unexhausted youth!

W. C. GANNETT



The Law of Liberty

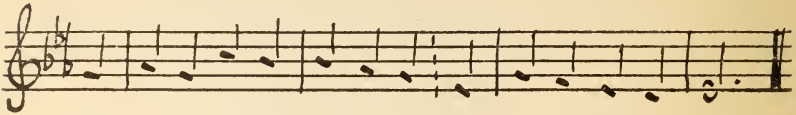
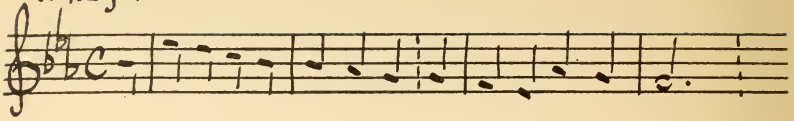
Thou whose name is blazoned forth
 On our banner's gleaming fold,
 Freedom! all thy sacred worth
 Never yet has half been told.

But to-day we sing of one
 Older, graver, far than thou,
 With the seal of time begun,
 Stamped upon her awful brow.

She is duty; in her hand
 Is a scepter heaven-brought;
 Hers the accent of command,
 Hers the dreadful, mystic Ought.

JOHN W. CHADWICK

Reinagle.



Hold Fast Thy Loyalty

When courage fails and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
That truth still moveth on.

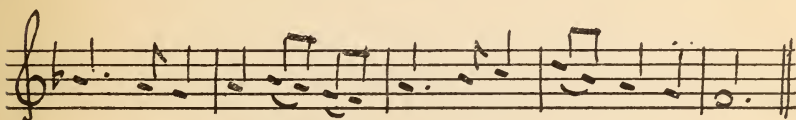
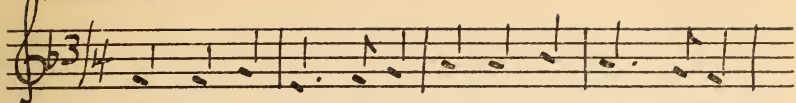
For unseen messengers she hath
To work her will and ways,
And even human scorn and wrath
She turneth to her praise.

The race is not unto the swift,
The battle to the strong,
When dawn her judgment days that sift
The claims of right and wrong.

Who follow her, though men deride,
In her strength shall be strong,
Shall see their shame become their pride
And share her triumph song.

F. L. HOSMER

America.

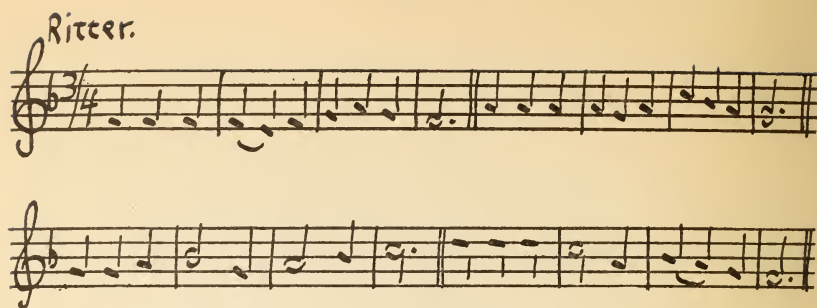


My Country 'tis of Thee

My country 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the Pilgrim's pride;
 From ev'ry mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
 Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

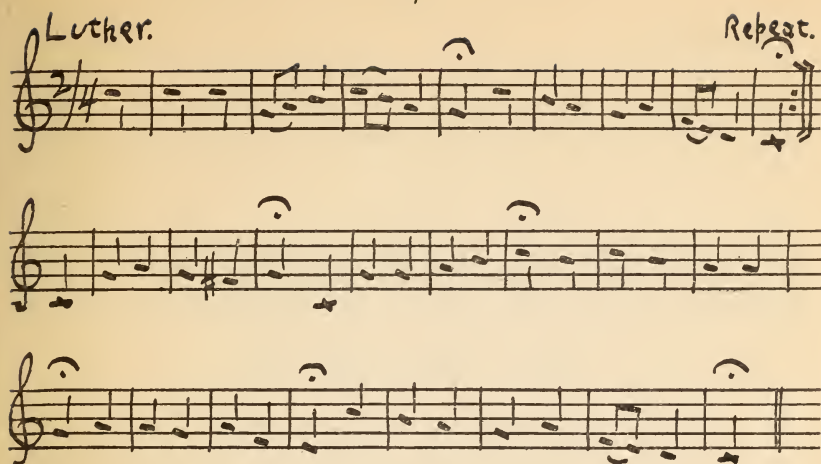
Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.



Long Life

He liveth long who liveth well
 All else is life but flung away
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure
 Sow peace and reap its harvest bright
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor
 And find a harvest-home of light.



Ye Friends of Freedom, Rise

Ye friends of freedom, rise, awake!
 Wage now your holy battle.
 The cruel chains of falsehood break,
 The yoke of evil shatter.
 Let not old forms of wrong,
 Their hateful reign prolong.
 Up! let the good unite;
 Up! let us fight the fight,
 For truth, for light and glory.

Now fear not, tho' the war of hate,
 Around our pathway rages.
 We march beneath the flag of fate,
 We bear the hope of ages!
 What though our band be few,
 If but our hearts be true,
 What tho' the goal be far,
 See every sacred star,
 Sheds golden hope to cheer us.

Lift up your souls, make broad the way,
 Spurn meaner paths alluring,
 O, Consecrate your lives to-day
 To what is great, enduring!
 The heart's hope cannot lie,
 The heart's trust cannot die;
 True reign the eternal laws,
 To serve them is our cause.
 We will, we cannot falter.



These Things Shall Be

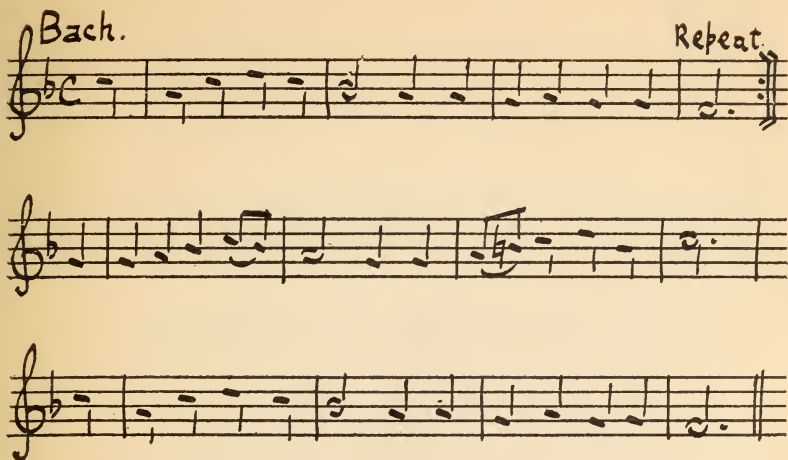
These things shall be! a loftier race
 Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise
 With flow'r of freedom in their souls,
 And light of science in their eyes,

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
 To spill no drop of blood, but dare
 All that may plant man's lordship firm,
 On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
 Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
 In ev'ry heart and brain shall throb
 The pulse of one fraternity.

New hearts shall bloom of loftier mould
 And mightier music thrill the skies,
 And ev'ry life shall be a song,
 When all the earth is paradise.

J. A. SIMONDS

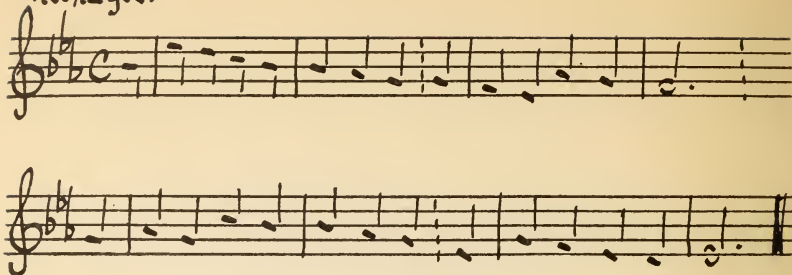


The Light Pours Down from Heaven

The Light pours down from heaven
 And enters where it may;
 The eyes of all earth's children
 Are cheered by one bright day.
 The soul can shed a glory
 On every work well done;
 As even things most lowly
 Are radiant in the sun.

Then let each human spirit
 Enjoy the vision bright
 The peace of inward purity
 Shall spread like heaven's own light
 And earth become love's temple
 And every human heart
 Shall join in one great service,
 Each happy in his part.

Reinagle.



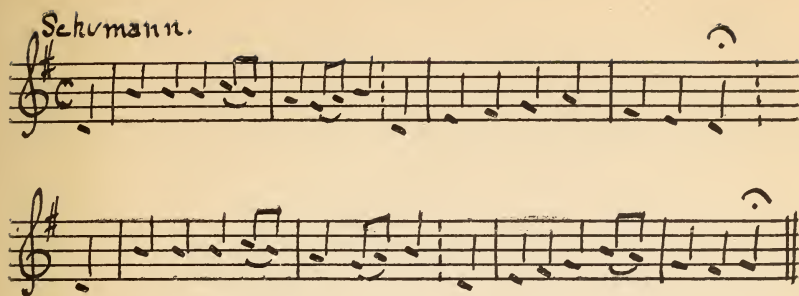
Be True to Every Inmost Thought

Be true to every inmost thought;
 Be as thy thought, thy speech;
 What thou hast not by suff'ring bought,
 Presume thou not to teach.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
 Who creeps to age from youth,
 Failing to grasp his life's intent,
 Because he fears the truth.

Show forth thy light! if conscience gleam,
 Cherish the rising glow;
 The smallest spark may shed it's beam
 O'er thousand hearts below.

HENRY ALFORD



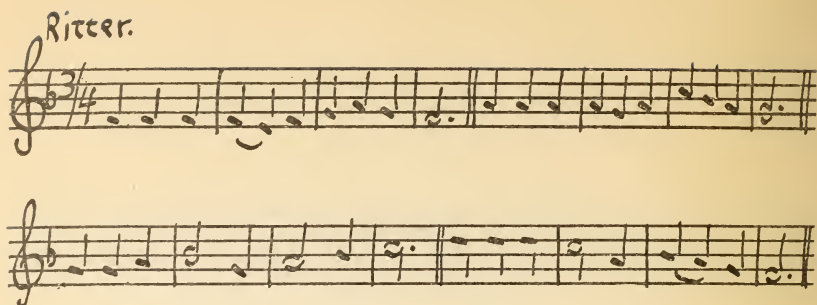
The Heart's Estate

The heart it hath its own estate,
 The mind it hath its wealth untold;
 It needs not fortune to be great,
 While there's a coin surpassing gold.

No matter which way fortune leans,
 Wealth makes not happiness secure;
 A little mind hath little means,
 A narrow heart is always poor.

'Tis not the house that honor makes,
 True honor is a thing divine;
 It is the mind precedence takes,
 It is the spirit makes the shrine.

CHARLES SWAIN



Live Thou Thy Life

Live thou thy life, nor take thou heed
 Of shades or shapes of threat'ning ill;
 Walk thou where nature's footsteps lead,
 And work in lowliness her will.

Let duty, to thy soul be dear;
 In doubt and weakness scorn to grope;
 Be steadfast, having naught to fear;
 Be joyful, having much to hope.

For courage treads a thornless road,
 While shadows fright the fearful soul,
 And hope will ease thee of thy load;
 And faith will bring thee to thy goal.

ARTHUR SYMONS

